

CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE

TIM IS PROUD OF HIS DAUGHTER.

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The first wailing cry of Tim's baby was heard about the time that Tim came back to consciousness to find the most of himself in a plaster cast.

But the doctors told him that he would recover and that he was the father of a daughter, which set him up mightily.

"A daughter!" said Tim, and then he began to laugh. "Now, that's a joke on Annie, for she had him already named after his father. Will ye be after taking me compliments to Mrs. Timothy Lafferty, wife of Tim Lafferty of the traffic squad, and say that friend husband sends his congratulations on the birth of a daughter."

"Here, here," he shouted, as the nurse started to do his bidding, "don't ye be takin' that message to Annie. If ye did she'd perhaps think I was disappointed that it was a girl—and I'm not; I'm glad—there is enough av us scuts in the world and Annie can't duplicate herself too often to plaze me."

Just then the nurse came from Annie with the baby—a baby with a soft fuzz of red on its head.

"Mr. Lafferty, your wife told me to bring you this and say that she was sending her to you as a present and she hoped you would not be too disappointed because it was a girl."

Big Tim Lafferty's eyes were bright with tears as the nurse laid the little morsel of humanity down beside him. He put out the one hand that was not hurt and touched the downy cheek. He picked up the wee hand and looked at it in wonder. "Well," said he, "it don't look like anything I've seen before, but somehow it seems seems to make my heart go pit-a-pat in the same way it did when I was asking its mother to marry me."

"Don't let her mother call her 'it,' Tim, I said, as I picked it up and held it for a moment, wondering if, when

my baby came it would be as perfect as Annie's.

"Will ye tell Mrs. Lafferty," said Tim, who must have his joke, although he was beginning to writhe in pain, "that I think her effort is quite creditable for the first attempt and that in me heart I was wishing for a girl all the time."

Once more his big hand was lightly passed over the baby. "Do you know how she is, Mrs. Waverly?" he asked. "It's mighty hard to be lying here like a clod when I'd like to be kissin' her and tellin' her how proud I am of me wife and daughter."

"I'll tell her, Tim. They tell me Annie got along very well and that I may see her for a minute in a little while."

"God bless ye, Mrs. Waverly; you are certainly a friend to Annie. Haven't ye been home since ye were here yesterday?"

"Oh, yes, Tim; they would not let me stay with Annie, so I came back just a little while ago!"

Tim's eyes wandered around the room—it was filled with flowers. "And did ye bring all the flowers and can I send them to Annie?"

"I did not bring the flowers, Tim. They came from members of the force and Mr. Hatton, Mr. Symone and Mr. Waverly. I am sure Annie has as many, for the story of your heroism and the birth of your child is in all the morning and evening papers, with plenty of comment."

"The chief will see it," said Tim.

"The chief will be over to see you as soon as you are ready to see him."

"Will ye tell Annie that I want the baby called after her when ye go in, Mrs. Waverly?"

"Sure, I will, and I want to tell you that Mr. Hatton has sent her \$500 as a start toward her education."

"Is that Mr. Hatton the man Mr. Waverly introduced to me and who